Scæna 3. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and ſome Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.*

Emil. Ile no ſtep further.

Per. Will you looſe this ſight?

Emil. I had rather ſee a wren hawke at a fly
Then this deciſion ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each ſtroake laments
The place whereon it fals, and ſounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will ſtay here,
It is enough my hearing ſhall be puniſhd,
With what ſhall happen, gainſt the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread ſights, it may ſhun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Siſter will no further.

Theſ. Oh ſhe muſt.
She ſhall ſee deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which ſometime ſhow well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both ſeald with eye, and eare; you muſt be preſent,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garlond
To crowne the Queſtions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'ld winke

Theſ. You muſt be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely ſtar to ſhine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which ſhowes
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horrour, who do's ſtand accurſt
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By caſting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her ſelfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off wherto ſhe's guilty.

Hip. You muſt goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Theſ. Why the knights muſt kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war
You are the Treaſure, and muſt needes be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
Out of it ſelfe.

Theſ. Well, well then, at your pleaſure,
Thoſe that remaine with you, could wiſh their office
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Siſter,
I am like to know your husband fore your ſelfe
By ſome ſmall ſtart of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two know beſt, I pray them he
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. *Arcite* is gently viſagd; yet his eye
Is like an Engyn bent, or a ſharpe weapon
In a ſoft ſheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellowes in his viſage: *Palamon*
Has a moſt menacing aſpect, his brow
Is grav'd, and ſeemes to bury what it frownes on,
Yet ſometime tis not ſo, but alters to
The quallity of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcites* mirth,
But *Palamons* ſadnes is a kinde of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him ſad,
And ſadnes, merry; thoſe darker humours that
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trompets ſound as to a charge.

Harke how yon ſpurs to ſpirit doe incite
The Princes to their proofe, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
The ſpoyling of his figure. O what pitty
Enough for ſuch a chance; if I were by
I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eies